Eng. Poetry vol 22.

THE Convocation:

OR, A Battle of Pamphlets.

A POEM.

Written by

Mr. *RICHARD SAVAGE.*

For thee the Prelate will his Church betray.
How's Panegyrick on K. *W.*

LONDON,

Printed for *E. Young*, at the *Angel* near *Lincolns-Inn* Back-Gate; and Sold by *J. Morphew*, near Stationers Hall. 1717. Price 6*d.*

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For thee the Patriot writhes, and Clipped Money,
Hides Bankruptcy, and N. R.

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POEM.

WHEN Vertue's Standard Eccleſia-
ſticks bear,
Their ſacred Robe the nobleſt Minds revere.
All to its Guidance do their Thoughts ſubmit,
But ſuch who triumph in licentious Wit;
And nauſeous Mirth as high Deſert eſteem,
When rais'd by Scorn upon Religion's Theme!

As Kings by Right Divine o'er Nations ſway,
As the moſt worthy, their high Pow'rs obey;
Homage by all is to the Prieſthood born,
And none but Fools their Heav'nly Paſtors ſcorn.

Yet cenſure not the Muſe's Freedom here:
If urg'd by Errors, ſhe muſt ſeem ſevere!
Tho' keen her Satyr, ſhe no Envy bears;
Tho' Prieſts ſhe laſhes, ſhe their Function ſpares.
Nor for ill Members ſuch the Clergy calls,
But on their Shame, and not their Glory, falls.

Of all the Plagues with which the World is curſt,
Time has ſtill prov'd that *Prieſtcraft* is the worſt.

By

By ſome, what Notions thro' the World are
ſpread?
On Falſhoods grounded, and from Int'reſt bred;
Errour has ſtill the giddy World perplext,
Whilſt Scripture gilds it with ſome ſacred Text.
This wild Opinions Strife and Faction brings,
The Bane of Nations, the Miſrule of Kings.
Prieſts oft profane what they from Heav'n de-
rive;
Some live by Legends, ſome by Murders thrive,
Some ſell their Gods, and Altar-Rites deface,
WithDoctrines ſome theBrain-ſick People craze.

The Pagan prey on ſlaughter'd Wretches
Fates,
The *Romiſh* fatten on the beſt Eſtates,

The *Britiſh* ſtain what Heav'n has right confeſt,
And *Sectaries* the Scriptures falſly wreſt.

Amongſt the Tribe, how few are, as they ought,
Clear in their Souls, inſtructive in their Thought!
The Good, like Prophets, ſhew their Precepts pure;
The Ill with Craft the Heav'nly Light obſcure;
Falſe to their Truſt, they lead their Flocks aſtray,
And with their Errors cloud the ſacred Way.

Tho' artleſs Numbers may my Verſes throng,
Yet now Religion's Cauſe inſpires my Song:
Undaunted then, my Muſe, thy Purpoſe ſay,
And for the *Church* thy warmeſt Zeal diſplay!

And

And *Erring Prelate* let thy Lays proclaim,
And ſing the *Convocation*'s ſacred Fame.

When dire Confuſion bore a dreadful Hand,
And ſore Diviſions ſhook the guilty Land;
When Schiſms rent the Church, Faction the State,
And Schoolmens Quarrels did new Broils create;
'Midſt Crowds of *Libels* publiſh'd to enrage,
Writ to corrupt, but not t'improve the Age,
Forth to the World from a Learn'd Author came
Two, which bear Cenſures equal to their Fame;
By ſome admired, and by ſome contemn'd,
Prais'd by the Vulgar, by his Peers condemn'd.

Some

Some pleas'd with Charms the Syren Stile may give,
Regard not Poyſons that their Souls receive:
But the ſage Brethren lurking Dangers find,
Againſt the Laws of God and Man deſign'd.

His firſt Eſſay was 'gainſt *Nonjurors* wrote,
With equal Spleen, and falſe Quotations fraught;
Which ſhews how eaſie 'tis in each Diſpute,
T'aſperſe thoſe Reaſons which we can't confute.
But why ſuch Treatment does that Clan deſerve?
Muſt they not pray, becauſe they almoſt ſtarve?
They for their Conſciences their *All* have loſt;
Many, Preferment: Few ſuch Zeal can boaſt.

God's

God's Fav'rites yet he calls 'em 'cauſe *ſincere*:
A Name he makes *Jews*, *Turks* and *Chriſtians* bear,
Perſuaſions true, and thoſe which Errors throng;
Sincerely holy, and *ſincerely* wrong.
Tyrants in Bliſs, like Martyrs, ſhall appear,
'Cauſe their Ill Zeal is, like the Good, *ſincere!*

Can't the *Nonjurors* then this Favour claim?
Are they Exceptions from its gen'ral Aim?
Shall *Sect'ries*, *Jews*, nay *Heathens* thus enjoy
What he wou'd them of Chriſtian Faith deny?

Another's Conſcience, none, he holds, can know;
Why then preſumes he theirs to cenſure ſo?

If

If from *Sincerity* Faith ought can claim;
Hard *Deprivations* theirs aloud proclaim.

Next, *Ordination* to explode he ſeems,
Orders are *Trifles*, Church-Commiſſions *Dreams*!
The Senſe it ſelf theſe Explanations own,
Which none unbyaſs'd, can as juſt diſown.

What more can Deiſts to the Church reply?
They in this wiſe her Sacraments deny;
Againſt her Canons and her Forms combine;
And with ſuch Wretches will a Biſhop joyn?

The Topmoſt Sequel next, of his Eſſays,
The Pulpit trumpets, and the Preſs diſplays.

New

New Doctrines ſtill advanc'd, the World alarm;
And all his Brethren with Reſentment warm.
Ye Pow'rs! If Prieſts thus their own Craft betray,
If what they ſhould conceal, themſelves diſplay,
Atheiſts may well myſterious Rights deride,
Nor ſuffer ſacred Faith as Reaſon's Guide.

But whilſt th' Infection thro' the Nation flies,
A Rev'rend Author to the Work replies.
Oh *SNAPE!* what Charms thy *Genius* here beſtows;
Where nervous Senſe in candid Smoothneſs flows.
Sublime thy Thought! with no harſh Stile defil'd,
Bold in thy Charge! yet in Expreſſions mild:

Reaſon Divine in each illuſtrious Page,
Points out thoſe Errors, which you here engage:

So *Henry* wrote, by Heav'n inſpir'd, when he
From *Luther's* Errors ſtrove the Faith to free:
When that great Title in Return was born,
Which has e're ſince by *Britiſh* Kings been worn.

The Goſpel's Light does here ſuch Clouds diſpel,
As *Magus's* Witchcraft by th' Apoſtle fell.
So wrote that Tribe in ſacred Annals paſt,
When Nations yielded, and the Faith embrac'd.

The Clergy now in *Convocation* meet,
And in Debate on theſe new Doctrines ſit.

No

No Conteſt in th' inferiour Houſe aroſe ;
But one Conſent theſe dang'rous Errors ſhews.
None cou'd oppoſe ! So plain did they appear :
Nor Doubts could riſe their Innocence to clear.

He, who a Prieſt, a Prelate's Doctrine blam'd,
Is, now a Prelate, here himſelf arraign'd.
He, who did once a worthy Doctor gall,
Finds now juſt Judgment on his Errors fall.

The firſt is *Moſs* appointed in this Cauſe ;
Who the ſharp Charge againſt this Church-man draws.
On his ſweet Tongue learn'd Elocution dwells,
Which in loud Strains the World their Duty tells.

His ſmooth Perſuaſions Men from Ills entice,
Reveal the Goſpel, and dipel their Vice.

Next, Learned *Sprat* in this Performance joins,
Who ſprung from a late Pious Prelate's Loins:
His Father's Goodneſs did his Function grace,
And the Son's Vertues do his Footſteps trace.

Next, Florid *Biſs* the glorious Cauſe maintains,
Who vaſt Applauſe from juſt Attention gains.
Vert'ous his Soul, his Mind does Wiſdom ſhew,
And wholſome Doctrines from his Learning flow.

Sherlock's a Name that ever will ſurvive:
For the dead Sire does in the Son revive.

Amidſt

Amidſt the Clan, the Son is nam'd t'oppoſe
The Ill that from ſuch Innovations grows.

Next in the Liſt, but not the leaſt, is *Friend*,
Worthy the Cauſe now choſen to defend!
Let tutour'd Youth his wondrous Learning prove,
As to the Church his Actions do his Love.

Cannon and *Davies*, *Barrel*, *Dawſon*, ſtand,
And act in Concert with this ſacred Band.
Theſe, to the Upper Houſe are nam'd to give
The Charge, which there they with Conſent receive.

But

But e're the Aim of all this Zeal was done,
It here was vanquiſh'd when 'twas ſcarce begun.
As *Jove* on high *Olympus* feign'd to ſway,
With Thunder parted an immortal Fray;
To end the Jarrs that in Religion fall,
GEORGE from the Throne at once prorogues
'em all.

But thus the Parties, more incens'd with Rage,
Ceaſe not the Conteſt; but new Conflicts wage.
In Print their Quarrels ſtill confuſe the World,
And Libels now promiſcuouſly are hurl'd!
Their Trumpet Scandal loud Detraction ſounds,
Diffuſes Lies, and Reputations wounds.

Thus

Thus Paper-Squibs wing'd from the Preſſes fly!
Alarm! inflame! and loud for Anſwers cry!
Anſwers purſue th' Attack! Both Parties write!
Pens are their Swords, and Papers urge the Fight!
The Chiefs with Conduct both maintain the Day;
Others confound; but none decide the Fray.
Thoſe beſt ſucceed, whoſe Works the Curious buy,
Whilſt Scrawls neglected, on the Compter lie.
But ſtill the Preſs ſupplies each empty Brain,
No *Cyclop* Authors form the Bolts in vain,
Thence they ruſh forth, and do the War ſuſtain.

As

As thus they 'ngage amidſt this Claſh of Arms,
Quills, I ſhou'd ſay, that thus the Town alarms!
A Minor *Phillips* *, now Romance is ſcarce,
Seizes Religion, as a Plot for Farce.
His Muſe grown weary of the *Northern Climes*,
Strives here to raiſe dull Satyr from the Times.
The High Church now with double Rage he wounds,
Faith ſerves for Mirth, the Clergy for Buffoons;
Yet the wiſe Work to aid a *Churchman* means,
The apteſt Hero for ſuch low-ſtil'd Scenes.

* *The* Inquiſition, *a Farce, by* J. Phillips,

Deme-

Demetrius * aims to copy his Deſign;
Jo's ridicul'd, that *Ben* again may ſhine.
The worthieſt all, the Spleens of Wretches raiſe,
And Farce to deck the Lawn beſtows the Bays.

Libels the *Convocation* now abuſe,
Which not worth Notice, wou'd but pall the Muſe:
Anſwers to *Snape* the World's Attention claim;
But paſs unheeded, like each Author's Fame.

B----r's chief Letter bears the great Applauſe;
For Learning varniſhes the vileſt Cauſe;

* Joſeph *and* Benjamin: *Or, Little* Demetrius *toſs'd in a Blanket: a Farce.*

Oft casts false Beauties, and obscures each Taint;
Makes Right look wrong, th' Offender seem the Saint;
Howe'er thro' Eloquence there still are view'd,
The Charge evaded, but the Guilt pursu'd.

Now *H---dly*'s Text *Trap*'s Genius does convey;
Its Beauties here the Errors there display.
Sherlock, and He, who for the Church appear,
Snape's just Remarks from each Evasion clear.

Next, *Law*, whose Writing does his Worth proclaim,
Answers the Doctrines which the World inflame.

His

His Strength of Judgment their weak Force repels ;
Their Errors laſhes, their Defence reveals.

Hilliard, like *Trap*, the Soul's true Guidance ſhews,
All ſee the Poyſon, and its Cure diſcloſe.
Cockbourn's Remarks have by Church-Canons prov'd,
How from its Bounds ſuch Hereſy's remov'd,
That their own Words againſt ſuch Guides prevail,
Where Errors drive 'em from its ſacred Pale.

Now from the *Tories* Pamphlets ruſh apace,
Anſwers to *Anſwers* thus the Conteſt trace.

In vain with Slander *Whigs* the Truth wou'd ſoil :
For Scandals back upon themſelves recoil !
The *Tories* now their former Pleas enlarge,
And in *Replies* they thus renew their Charge.

By *Quæry* firſt they urge this ſtrange Miſtake ;
Can *Ben*'s Reſiſtance paſſive *Bangor* make ?
What *Hoadly* preach'd, thus *Bangor* does evince,
'Twas lawful to reſiſt a Tyrant-Prince !

Here he reviles a King expell'd his Throne,
Who for his Conſcience ſacrific'd his Crown.
Swoln with Preferment thus the Wretch pro-
phanes
The Sacred Reliques with unhallow'd Strains.

Could

Cou'd He no other dark Evaſions bring,
But to aſperſe a poor departed King?

As Conſcience-Freedom thus he grants to Slaves,
By Nature thoughtleſs,--he a King's enſlaves.
The Rights of Kingdoms, as he here proclaims,
He thoſe of Chriſtian Faith at once diſclaims.
What Charity can ſuit the Rules he owns?
Or Loyalty the Love he bears to Crowns?
Such partial Treatment Sov'reign Rulers braves!
Of Slaves makes Princes, and of Princes Slaves.

All Earthly Pow'rs he in Chriſt's Church diſowns,
Regardleſs of his Function, or of Crowns.

Why

Why is the King its great Supreme no more?
Why is the Pow'r from God's Vicegerent tore?

In vain falſe Logic thus at Truth wou'd aim,
To prove Chriſt's Kingdom and his Church the ſame;
Heathens and Devils then Church-Members are,
'Cauſe they Subjection to his Kingdom bear.
VVhy a *cold*, *lifeleſs* Motion is Pray'r made?
The VVorld's great Saviour ſweated as he pray'd.

An eager Zeal we in the Garden find,
Which on the Croſs poſſeſs'd his anxious Mind;
Exerted Tranſports in his Accents hung,
And flow'd with Fervour from his Heav'nly Tongue.

When

When on our Knees to Heav'n's high Throne we bow,
Love, as inſpir'd, ſhou'd pureſt Raptures ſhew.
The Soul exerted, ſhou'd each Wiſh impart,
And for its Off'ring throw a contrite Heart.

Whilſt thus theſe Errors Churchmen all explode,
And clear the Vapours which the Faith would cloud;
Snape, who to head the Van did firſt appear,
With equal Conduct now commands the Rear!
His ſecond *Anſwer*'s for th' Engagement choſe,
Which does the Prelate's weak *Defence* expoſe.

This

This, which his Plea does of its Force deſpoil,
No Pen can anſwer, nor Reſiſtance foil.
When Truth thus ſallies forth, Evaſions all
Start from the Conflict, and confuted fall.
In vain new Pamphlets to their Reſcue run,
Their Chief retreats, the Vict'ry is begun:
Thoſe, who the Church againſt its Foes maintain,
Beneath its Banners thus the Glory gain.

But ſtill their Pride will not the Conqueſt yield,
Like Waſps diſarm'd, they buz around the the Field;

Or, from the Preſs, whilſt envious Nonſence ſprings,
They hiſs, like Serpents that have loſt their Stings.
Behold! They drop the Theme they can't oppoſe,
And *Advertiſements* their Retreat diſcloſe.
With Aims evaſive ſeem to ſwell the News,
And what ſhou'd Glorious be, to *Farce* reduce.

Now the *Courant* for War is made the Plain,
Where *B--g--r* pours forth all his Force again,
Howe'er ill poſted, yet more deſp'rate grown,
To guard this Breach, his Reputation's thrown!
His Pen with Fury does *Snape*'s Strength aſſail.
He charges!---True: But does that Charge a-

Carliſle here ſeconds *Snape* ! The Plea maintains !

Whilſt baneful Diſcord 'twixt each Prelate reigns.

If, as *Church-Pillars* we the Mitres ſtile,
Tott'ring by Jarrs they ſhake the ſacred Pile !
Errors ſtart up ! whilſt weak the Structure ſtands,
And Factions rage, as in divided Lands !
Altars 'gainſt Altars riſe ! Confuſions ſpring !
And a long Train of endleſs Horrors bring.

Fierce Advertiſements now i'th' News are ſeen
From theſe two B---s and a trifling D---

With

With zealous Warmth each in the Conteſt burns,
Whilſt from the Truth the D--n Deſerter turns.

Carliſle then quits the Plain, whilſt neither yield,
And urges *Bangor* to a nobler Field:
Nor for his Standard Advertiſements rears!
But in a Stile more Glorious now appears.
Still in Retreat *Bangor* his Flag diſplays,
And fiercer Vollies from the News conveys.
By *Kennet* ſtrengthen'd, in Opinion high,
He does the Foe with future Deeds defie!

When in his Hand he ſhall the Pencil bear,
The Victor's Honours in the Draught he'll wear,

How can true Colours then the Work assure,
If Him they flatter, Them in Shades obscure?

What can these prove, but mere Evasions all?
Which quit the Contest, and on Trifles fall?
Snape's heavy Charge as yet unanswer'd stands,
And either Victʼry or Defence demands!

Now from a Party Clamours rise in vain
Against *Carlisle*, who does his Plea maintain,
Spite of the D--n, who in Desertion flies,
And *Peter* like, what once he own'd, denies.

Truth is the Bulwark thus keen Envy storms!
The *Daemon* rages deckʼd in various Forms.

Here, like a Churchman, dreſs'd in ſacred Stile,
With ſmooth Corruptions ſhe'd the World be-
guile.
And ſeems t' advance the Church, whilſt ſhe'd
enſnare
Its Rites, its Orders, and Foundation, *Pray'r.*

Next Politician like, ſhe'd raiſe Debate,
To bring the Faith ſubſervient to the State;
Like a falſe Light, their black Deſigns to gild,
Or Ground, on which vile Policies ſhe'd build.

Laſtly, In Slander cloath'd, ſhe ſallies forth
To blaſt thoſe Fames that bear the nobleſt
Worth!

In

In this black Form the Fiend each Libel ſhews,
Which fiercely arm'd 'gainſt *Snape* or *Carliſle* goes!
Here againſt *Trap*! From *Sykes* 'gainſt *Sherlock* there,
Where *Bangor*'s Poſtſcript does its Aid declare.

'Gainſt thee, O *Sherlock*! Such Efforts are vain;
They but aſperſe what they can never ſtain.
Thy Foes augment by Scandal, Crimes they'd clear,
As their black Charge thy Vertue ſcorns to bear!
Thy Strength of Reaſon ſtems the rapid Courſe,
And rowls it backwards with reſiſtleſs Force.

Next *Whitby* ſeems (as he'd *Snape*'s Worth oppoſe)
Weak as the Cauſe in which Defence he roſe.

As Frantick *Dunton* with the Tribe combines,
Th' Eccleſiaſtick with the Madman joins.
Pardon the Muſe that on ſuch Trifles dwells,
One ſhews his Weakneſs, one his Phrenzy tells!
As Theſe, ſo Others, ſuch Eſſays have made,
Who, like their Chief, not anſwer,--but *evade*.

How can Divines here ſeem to give Applauſe,
Where Hereſies ſupport the impious Cauſe?
A Cauſe, which on the Church's Triumph frowns,
And levels Mitres, as Reſiſtance crowns.

En-

Enthuſiaſts, Sect'ries, here with Aid ſupply,
And wing'd like Serpents, at our Altars fly!
But o'er theſe Fiends the Faith at length ſhall reign,
Which *Worthies* thus with bright Eſſays ſuſtain!

Hear then, ye Pow'rs; on your own *Works* look down!
VVhere are your Rites, when Supplication's gone?
VVho ſhall your Altar's Sacraments prepare,
If Pious Zeal's depriv'd of *Fervent Pray'r*?
VVho at the *Throne of Grace* ſhall Homage pay,
If your own Prieſts their ſacred Truſt betray?
Aſſiſt! inſpire! and with a Light Divine,
Now let the Faith from Clouds in Glory ſhine.

Oh

Oh *Snape!* Aſſert! Purſue the ſacred Cauſe!
Improve the Soul! Defend the *Church*'s Laws!
Still to thy Aid the ſacred Scriptures bring,
Whilſt Brighteſt Youths from thy Tuition ſpring!
They, as Examples, ſhall thy Worth proclaim,
And to Time's End ſhall conſecrate thy Fame!

The *Convocation* may to joyn thee meet;
And what's ſo well begun, as well compleat.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 5. Line 1. read *an erring*; p. 16. l. 5. r. *as a Plot.*

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And to Time's Head thy Name conſecrate!

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And what's ſo well begun, as well complete.

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